

# Jenny Lewis, You Are What You Love

This is no great illusion  
When I'm with you I'm looking for a ghost  
Or invisible reasons  
To fall out of love and run screaming from our home

Because we live in a house of mirrors  
We see our fears and everything  
Our songs, faces, and second hand clothes  
But more and more we're suffering  
Not nobody, not a thousand beers  
Will keep us from feeling so all alone

But you are what you love  
And not what loves you back  
That's why I'm here on your doorstep  
Pleading for you to take me back

The phone is a fine invention  
It allows me to talk endlessly to you  
About nothing disguising my intentions  
Which I'm afraid, my friend, are wildly untrue

It's a sleight of hand, a white soul band  
The heart attacks I'm convinced I have  
Every morning upon waking  
To you I'm a symbol or a monument  
Your rite of passage to fulfillment  
But I'm not yours for the taking

But you are what you love  
And not what loves you back  
So I guess that's why you keep calling me back

I'm fraudulent, a thief at best  
A coward who paints a bullshit canvas  
Things that will never happen to me  
But at arms length, it's Tim who said  
I'm good at it, I've mastered it  
Avoiding, avoiding everything

But you are what you love, Tim  
And not what loves you back  
And I'm in love with illusions  
So saw me in half  
I'm in love with tricks  
So pull another rabbit out of your hat